As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reverſion that I doe poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot. *Enter Green.*
Gree. Heaven ſave your Majeſty, and well met Gentle-men;
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes crave haſte, good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land,
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his young ſonne, *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of Roſſe, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*.
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the revolted faction, Traytors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip, (brook
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullen*.
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gaſping new delivered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.
Buſh. Deſpaire not Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?

I will

I will deſpaire, and be at emnity
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.
Enter Yorke.
Gree. Here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With lignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heavens ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care, and griefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſave farre off,
Whilſt others come to make his looſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe:
Now comes his ſicke houre that his ſurfeit made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why ſo, goe all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on *Herefords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhy to my ſiſter *Gloſter*,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
Yo. Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven
(So my vntruth hath not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe warres?

Come